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OFF WITH WARTAX

25 Cents a Barrel Affords Small Relief to Brewers

As the time approaches to put into effect the new rate on beer and brewers are beginning to figure on the effect it will have on their business, they are confronted with evidence that the measure of relief doled out to them is far from satisfactory. Nine million dollars seems like a large sum, but it is found that on investigation, and after a review of the conditions to-day, so changed in every respect from what they were three years ago when the higher rate was imposed, that 25 cents reduction in their tax will not begin to meet the new situation.

Business is booming, but this very boom in business has a most demoralizing effect on the brewing industry. Brewers find that the increase in price of goods used in their occupation exceeds in itself the reduction allowed them. Information received at this office a day or two ago, from our traveling representative in Philadelphia, indicates that brewers' materials have advanced in price fully 40 per cent. This is due to increased orders for every line of goods, at home and abroad, with the usual result of enhanced cost of raw material, labor and operating expenses of all kinds. The concession of 25 per cent in their war tax, having in mind the small proportion this tax bears to the total cost of production of a barrel of beer, goes but a short distance in covering the 40 per cent increase complained of. This is not encouraging, and when it is remembered that July 1st will undoubtedly see demands for a share in the distribution of the Government's bounty from other sources, brewers may well ask themselves how or when their calling is to participate in the much-heralded business revival.

Retailers who have paid, wholly or in part, this tax, are counting on receiving the benefits of Congressional favor, small as it was, for themselves. Rumors are even current that a concerted move in this direction is contemplated. Labor is uneasy, as undoubtedly it has a right to be. Living expenses appreciably reflect business booms much quicker than increases of wages respond to them. From this unrest brewers will suffer—and unjustly so. The upward tendency in prices is not a result of war tax reduction. It began with the opening of hostilities and has steadily continued. The additional expenditures it entailed, in addition to the tax itself, were borne by the brewing industry without a resort to reduced wages, or practically a raise in prices. On its shoulders fell the burden of sustaining a rising market on decreased sales and a doubled tax. Action that contemplates a demand on the pittance of 25 cents per barrel less granted to beer exhibits a misunderstanding of actual conditions, a lack of appreciation of fair dealing and a disregard of the consideration shown by brewers for their customers and employees that hardly admits of belief.

The spectre is there, however, and it behooves those interested to move in their own defense. Opposition, under present circumstances, will not avail. The evil is with Congress, and that body should be made to face the responsibility and remove the causes that threaten a disturbance in business circles as deplorable as it would be unwise and uncalled for. The error lies in the attempt to make one industry assume a share of the Government's liabilities beyond its power to bear. Experience has shown that beer cannot pay a tax of \$1.85 at any time. Experience—bitter when too late, it will be found to be—will again show that in the extraordinary crisis through

which we are now passing \$1.60 per barrel is too heavy an impost. It will be paid—it must be paid—until further relief is given.

Relief will not come simply by asking. Whatever the cause, the impression is general that beer can stand any tax asked of it. While revision of war revenues was under discussion the press of the country took a lively interest in the subject. Every item in the list had its advocates—beer had them too—but they were not found in the large dailies, unless paid for in advertisements or at so much a line. The strongest opponents of beer tax reduction were found in the press. The heavy expenses necessitated by the Government's foreign ventures no doubt militated against greater decreases in revenues—as potent a power in influencing Congressional action inimical to beer was the press.

This unfriendly spirit must be removed. Public opinion must be aroused to the material losses that will follow over-taxation of the brewing business—losses in which the farmer is interested in a market for his products, the mechanic for his labor, manufacturers for the thousand and one different articles the trade utilizes, the taxpayer for the burdens his shoulders will have to bear to make good any deficiency resulting from the brewers' shortage, and Congress to the knowledge that yielding to the pressure of prejudiced influences or to the weight of fanatical sentiment may cripple a source of revenue that is well nigh indispensable to the Government's needs.

Brewers themselves must take a hand in this work by supporting those whose endeavors are devoted to the attainment of the only object which will give them adequate relief and a share in the wave of prosperity now sweeping over the country—a complete repeal of the war tax. This alone will give relief and this alone will give satisfaction. If whiskey could save itself from the imposition of a higher tax, certainly so powerful a body as the brewers should be able to secure the remission of the remainder of the doubled impost.

Shall the work go on?

First Fruits of Canteen Abolition. A Chicago special to the New York World gives a melancholy, but not altogether unexpected, account of the effect upon a part of the army of certain reformatory legislation by Congress:

The abolishment of the army canteen is producing riot and disorder just beyond the confines of army posts.

Friday was pay day at Fort Sheridan, where 1,000 soldiers of the Fifth Infantry are in barracks. The village of Highland was taken possession of by 200 drunken soldiers yesterday.

They destroyed two saloons and drank most of the liquor in the town. There were scores of fights and the whole town was terrorized. This was the first pay since the canteen was abolished.

The men used to buy beer on the reservation. Now they buy whiskey in the surrounding towns.

General Otis, commander of the Department of the Lakes, said today: "I was one of the officers detailed to study the operation of the military post canteen and note its effects on the men. I had always been opposed to the canteen, but after investigation I was compelled to endorse it."

"Under the system the profits of the canteen went to buy delicacies for the soldiers' table, so that they got the full benefit of all that was spent for beer on the reservation. Now the men spend more and the profits go to the owners of the private gin mills."

This news will give pain to a great many men and women who have labored for the abolition of the army canteen. We confess we cannot understand the reasoning of those who imagine that soldiers in barracks can be prevented from drinking by the simple expedient of suppressing the sale of beer on the reservation; but many deluded people did imagine it, and we commiserate them in their disappointment. We fear, moreover, that we cannot offer them the smallest hope for the future. Human follies and human appetites are not to be disposed of by an edict. The abolition of the canteen has been followed, as its establishment was preceded, by the rum shop, the dive, and the dance house. Moderation gives way to intemperance. Discipline is succeeded by license. Alas, that it should be so; but so it is. And army officers, almost without exception, predicted just this consequence.

The large number of saloons in Manila since American occupation has been the subject of much controversy of late, but the number has been exaggerated. There are not as many places where liquor is sold today as there were under Spanish rule, when the license was only a trifle.

A MOORISH JOKE.

How Uncle Sam Failed to Collect a Bill.

Uncle Sam has not had the usual "American luck" of late in dealing with Sultan. A few months ago he was fairly shaking his sides with laughter over his success in bringing the ruler of Turkey to terms and extorting indemnity from him. But he laughs best who laughs last. His Majesty of Turkey is an old hand at playing the game. He deluded his Yankee brother into the belief that the long overdue indemnity would be paid in the form of an order for a warship to be built by a Philadelphia firm, the surplus allowance for the work to be used in liquidating the claim of the annoying American citizens. Uncle Sam tossed bouquets at himself as a tribute to his superiority as a claims collector and his head was swollen with pride. Then came the awakening. The wily Sultan of Turkey gave the tip to the German Emperor, who is now his great and good friend, and the latter gallantly came to the rescue of the champion of Mohammedanism. He served a courteous injunction upon the Sultan prohibiting him from buying warships until Turkey's debt to Krupp for supplies sold to the Turkish army had been paid in full. Thus Uncle Sam was foiled and the Sultan has been doing all the laughing of late.

Now it is the Sultan of Morocco who is vexing the righteous soul of Uncle Sam. Last summer Marcus Ezequi, a naturalized American citizen, was killed by a mob at Fez. Demand was made for indemnity and the sovereign of Morocco finally came down with the cash, \$5,000, which was duly turned over to the widow of Ezequi. Then, as there were other claims due the United States Government but remaining unpaid, it was decided by the Washington authorities that Mr. Gunmere, our Consul-General at Tangier, should call upon the Sultan and dun him in the most approved style. The Sultan, however, just at this time appears to be unwilling to enlarge his visiting list, and most prejudiced is he against American consuls. He does not care to make the acquaintance of Mr. Gunmere, either socially or in his capacity as collector of bills. So he instructed his Grand Vizier and his Minister of Foreign Affairs to intimate to that gentleman that the mail service in Morocco is reliable and efficient, and that the business could be settled by correspondence. Mr. Gunmere was also notified that his presence at court would not be agreeable to the ruler of Morocco, who does not deem himself by holding social intercourse with plain American citizens. Mr. Gunmere was not abashed, however, and his Government stood by him nobly. He replied that he must see the Sultan personally, and that if he was not received the American eagle would scream in a perfectly frightful manner.

Unwary by threats of the eagle's anger, the Sultan answered that he would not come into contact with such an insignificant person as Mr. Gunmere; that if the latter attempted to call on him at the capital, Morocco City, the capital would be moved to some other place and kept moving as long as Mr. Gunmere persisted in following his Most Noble and Exclusive Majesty. As may be imagined, Uncle Sam is in a terrible state of wrath. There is no Sultan on earth too good to exclude an American citizen from his presence. The Sovereign of Morocco has, therefore, been called upon, in Secretary Hay's sternest and most terror-producing tones, to send an humble apology to Washington and to admit Mr. Gunmere to his presence immediately. The armored cruiser New York has been sent to Tangier, and the Sultan, the Grand Vizier and the Minister of Foreign Affairs have been informed that Mr. Gunmere is coming to pay them a call and that they must kill the fatted calf in his honor and treat him as they would a "social lion." If they attempt to move the capital into remote parts of Morocco they are to be reminded that the guns of the cruiser New York hurl projectiles of steel many miles through space, and that Tangier would not look well after a bombardment. This is a case in which Uncle Sam does not intend to tolerate bad manners on the part of the exclusive and narrow-minded Sultan of Morocco, or any of his brother sovereigns—whether Mohammedan, Christian or Pagan. Our Government is a great stickler for social

amenities, and will not put up with any attempt to freeze American citizens out of royal society.

A Filipino Romance.

Secretary Long has approved the action of the court martial in the case of Frederick H. Baker, a private in the Marine Corps, who was convicted of desertion and sentenced to imprisonment for life at hard labor. The military prison at San Quentin, Cal., has been designated as the place of confinement. It is alleged that infatuation for a Filipino maiden led Baker to desert to the insurgents and aid them in their struggles against the United States troops. He enlisted in the Marine Corps at Mare Island, Cal., in 1894, and accompanied the cruiser Charleston to the Philippines. While the vessel was at Cebu Baker made the acquaintance of a Filipino girl, who, it is alleged, exerted such a potent influence over him as to cause him to join the insurgent forces. This was in June, 1899. He gave the enemy information concerning the strength and operations of the American forces and was rewarded by the appointment as a first lieutenant in the Philippine army. While acting in that capacity he met another American soldier who had also deserted and joined the insurgent forces. A strong friendship sprang up between the two men.

One thing to their credit was that they persistently refused to join in attacks upon the American forces whenever they could possibly avoid it. Last summer, however, Private Baker's companion was ordered to command a force that was to ambush an interior party of Americans. Notwithstanding he was in the power of the Filipinos the man refused to shoot down his own countrymen in that way. Thereupon he was tried by drum-head court martial and sentenced to death.

Lieut. Baker was very much wrought up by the jeopardy of his friend's position and used all his eloquence and influence to save his life. He not only failed in that, but was actually chosen to give the order to the firing platoon which was to execute the sentence. He was thus confronted with a dreadful alternative. He must either kill his friend or surrender to the Americans, in which latter event it was almost certain that he would be sentenced to death for treason. To refuse to obey the order of the Filipinos was certain death unless he could escape from them. Thus it became absolutely necessary to return to the Americans from whom he had deserted.

He took flight at the first opportunity and entered the nearest American camp, attired in his Filipino uniform of a lieutenant of infantry, and threw himself upon the mercy of the commanding officer. He told his story and gave a thrilling account of the sad plight in which he had left his American comrade. A body of troops was immediately dispatched to the camp of the insurgents, but on arriving there it was found deserted. Nothing was discovered to indicate the fate of Baker's companion, and it is possible he was carried away by the Filipinos in their flight into the interior.

The penitent marine was turned over to the commanding officer of the gunboat Castine. He was tried by court martial and convicted of the charge of "deserting to the rebel forces in time of open insurrection against the United States, giving intelligence to and holding intercourse with a rebel without leave from the proper authority," and "bearing arms against the Government of the United States and aiding and abetting the rebellion against the supreme authority thereof."

The prisoner undoubtedly escaped the death penalty simply on account of his action in surrendering in order to save the life of a fellow American. He was sentenced, however, to life imprisonment at hard labor.

The rapid growth of Germany and German cities is remarkable when it is considered that this is an old country from which the emigration is heavy. Germany now ranks second in population only to Russia, having 56,000,000 inhabitants, to Russia's 106,000,000. Berlin has had as marvelous increase. The same thing, only in a modified form, appears to be true of Austria. Vienna shows a gain of 21.9 per cent in the last ten years, is now the fourth city in Europe, and is next to Chicago in size.

RUSSIA & FRANCE

Perpetrate Nameless Horrors upon Defenseless Chinese.

Few people in this country wish to see our army remain in China. We have secured that for which it was dispatched there—the liberation of those confined in the Legation and provision against further outbreaks of mob violence. We have had also the satisfaction of seeing punishment meted out to some of those responsible for the recent Boxer uprising, and the question of pecuniary compensation will be settled, without doubt, as soon as claims are placed in proper shape. There is no reason, therefore, for further occupation by our soldiers, unless it be found in the recital of horrors given below—horrors perpetrated by civilized men—Russians and French the chief offenders. Such deeds shock humanity and disgrace civilization. They are of frequent occurrence and there is much reason to believe the worst is not known. To protect the people of China from such savagery is the duty of Christendom, and if in doing so it were necessary to draw the sword upon erstwhile friends our people would applaud the act. A Japanese exchange, *Niroku Shinpu*, published at Tokio, recently received, is authority for the story given herewith.

Our Japanese contemporary says: We believe in cosmopolitanism, and that humanity, justice, chastity, and the other virtues are the common property of mankind. We are well aware that our *Niroku Shinpu* is but a small, insignificant paper, and that its influence in the great world is not very far reaching; yet, without it, how can we send out our cry for humanity, since the West has failed to raise protest against the savage crimes committed freely by certain soldiers of the allies in North China? However, we cherish the hope that we who live in the dawning of the twentieth century may yet see the various races of mankind so filled with the milk of human kindness, that such crimes as we now record will no more be possible.

The recollection of the great outrages at Tung Chau, still makes us shudder at this very moment when we are writing these lines. Tung Chau may be said to be the gate of Peking, as it is a very important place in North China. Through it, rice and other provisions are transported into Peking. The town of Tung Chau has a population of 270,000, while Peking contains 800,000 people. But the streets and houses, and the inhabitants in the former city appear much more wholesome and attractive than those in the latter. So, you can imagine how prosperous those people were before the war. Previous to the entrance of the troops of the allies into the town, the mandarins, who were about to run away, had instructed the people to surrender, but never to oppose the invaders, lest their property should be destroyed. They were faithful to their mandarins' instruction, and welcomed the foreign soldiers with open arms, freely supplying them with wines and provisions day by day. But the wolves among the sheep! By and by their wolfish passions were roused. According to the report of the Japanese troop which were stationed there, the Chinese women who were violated and afterward murdered by European soldiers, together with those who had committed suicide to avoid the unbearable shame thus forced on them, amounted to five hundred and seventy-three! Think of it! Besides the above report, how many more met with the same fate is beyond the possibility of discovery.

Here, continues *Niroku Shinpu*, let us picture a few striking pictures of savagery, so that readers may know what cruel things have been practiced by certain soldiers of nations who are just now loud in their boasts of Christian civilization. If you had visited China, you would have noticed that every Chinese house keeps a large water butt in its yard, or garden. The water butt is about 4 feet high, and about 3 feet wide at the top. Now, many Chinese women, as some of our war correspondents have seen with their own eyes, jumped into these water butts with their heads downward. In this frightful manner, they killed themselves, after they had struggled in vain to maintain their chastity. It was often that the women of high rank in China met death in this manner than those of the lower classes, for

the former set a higher value upon chastity than the latter.

Some European soldiers were savage enough to seize poor, screaming infants, and, holding one foot in each hand, to rend asunder their tender bodies, while others of their comrades violated and afterwards killed the hapless mothers, who had been compelled to witness the butchery of their innocent babes.

In Peking, the Japanese editor writes, there was a worse case. Seven Russian soldiers caught a poor sick woman, whom they violated in succession, and finally put to death, slashing the face with the bayonet in the shape of the letter X. This scene was actually witnessed by a Japanese soldier, named Harada Shinjiro. However, the massacres and outrages at Tung Chau were so terrible that even the pen of Tolstoi, Zola or Doyle would not be powerful enough to describe the actual scenes of brutality that took place there.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of last August, when a Japanese war correspondent, whose story we are here about to write, took a walk through the streets of Tung Chau. Their reeked with blood. Corpses were lying here and there. Every now and then, deserted dogs went roaming about among the dead in search of their murdered masters. All of the pools in the street were filled by a recent rain. It so happened that while our correspondent was walking toward the southern gate of the city, stepping over corpses and mud, he met a troop of Hindoo soldiers on their way to Peking. In order to let them pass, he stepped aside and walked on. Suddenly his attention was arrested by the sight of four French soldiers, coming out in a most excited manner from a house, under the roof of which he was just stopping. One of them was a respectable looking French officer. None of them, however, carried any goods which he could have plundered from the hands of Chinamen. Soon after they had gone, the correspondent entered the house. There were two Chinese coolies, helping themselves to all that they could lay hold of, for there was no one in the house beside themselves. The coolies were frightened at the sight of a Japanese and started to escape; but they were assured by him that they should not be molested. Then, they told him that the four Frenchmen, by whom they were hired as coolies to carry provisions and to take care of horses, had caught sight of two Chinese women at the southern gate, whence they pursued them to this house. The women, being the natives of Canton, among whom the custom of binding the feet is not practiced, ran as fast as they could; but they were at last overtaken. "Sir," said one of the coolies, pointing with his finger, "that is the room into which they were dragged by force." "Look sir," said the other, "look at that entrance. It was there that they stationed one of their number to watch, while the others were in the room."

Finally, the correspondent was led to the room by the coolies, who, looking in, exclaimed suddenly: "By God! By God!" Entering the room, he found—what do you suppose? "Two lifeless bodies of young girls, half naked, and stained with blood! One of them looked about sixteen years old, the other twenty-one or two. Both lay with their faces upward. The crimson blood was still warm. The black hair was disheveled around their pale faces. Their bracelets, rings, earrings and other valuables had been stripped from them. The scene must have been a heartrending one.

They were only two poor Chinese girls, but their innocent blood cries from the ground, and who shall render satisfaction to their mothers and fathers when they demand it at the bar of justice? They were but two poor Chinese girls, but the crime committed against them was a crime against humanity and merits the bitter condemnation of all mankind.

The coolies' explanation was this, that the tramp of the passing soldiers frightened those French men so much that they instantly killed the poor girls with their bayonets. Readers, asks *Niroku Shinpu*, what would you say when you know that such savage crimes were actually committed by soldiers of civilized nations? Is this civilization? Is this humanity? Is this justice? Can we allow such exhibitions of savagery to pass without raising our protest? No! No! No!

FOREIGN NEWS

Translated and Selected from leading European papers for the SENTINEL.

ENGLAND.

Discord in Austria.

Peter Lloyd.

The Austrian House of Representatives seemed to have changed its character. For a short time it behaved as respectfully, as rationally, and as self-reliantly as any Parliament in the civilized world. There was great lamentation in some sections of pothouse society, and there were many regrets for the decay of Viennese humor, and the old Austrian facetiousness. But it was soon to be shown that respectability and reason and seriousness were only assumed as a mask, behind which an exquisite fawn was being prepared. On the appointed day the House recurred as one man to the stupid and apish fevility which is its normal characteristic: sticks, stones, and paperweights hurtled through the air, and no one was astonished. On the contrary, every one would have been surprised if there had been no storm. It is, all the same, absurd to call what was merely a tavern brawl a storm; it lacked all elements of majesty, and it was engineered openly, as all could see, by the Czechs as well as by the Pan-German representatives, who loaded themselves with missiles, verbal and material, before the fight with the express object of using them against one another.

Meanwhile, however, the condition of unrest—whether springing from natural causes or provoked by artificial means, has been again produced, and its continuance seriously threatens the actual existence of that rotten institution called Parliament.

The immediate pretext which let loose the wrath of the Czechs and the Pan-Germans was the compromise proposed by the President on the language question. The Czechs had taken up the position that it was a personal insult to themselves that they were debarred from moving amendments in their own language. The Pan-Germans, on the other hand, had firmly determined that no amendments should be made exclusively in the German language. The President attempted to mediate between the two extremes by proposing as a compromise, that amendments might be introduced in languages other than German, but should only be moved in the German language—the original proposal with the report of the debate to be circulated in the language of the original written amendment. This proposal caused a universal indignation among the Czechs, and no less bitter shrieks of fury rose from the Pan-Germans. Which side, then, is right? It one looks quite dispassionately on this extraordinarily bitter quarrel one has to admit that there is nothing very monstrous in this desire of the Czechs, and they can plead further (as the President admitted) that amendments have been permitted to be made for the last forty years in other languages than German. It is therefore no innovation, but merely an attempt to legitimize a practice which has prevailed, without authority, it is true for several years. Setting questions of precedent aside, it would be hard to explain why speeches can be made in the Czech language in the Austrian House of Representatives, but amendments in that language cannot be moved. In the point of the language opposition to be found in the idea that it would be necessary for a Minister to understand Czech? Hardly, for the Minister can get any sudden amendment or question translated and answer it in German. Either the right of using more languages than one must be taken away from Parliament, or the natural exercise of an undisputed right must be denied.

We cannot help admitting that the Czechs have only raised the present question in order to develop a flank attack on the position of German as the official language; and their object may be right or wrong. But it is hardly fair to drag other considerations into the dispute, and to impute motives, for that would make the points at issue absolutely insoluble. Again, whether one feels sympathy for the Czechs or not, it must be admitted by all who dare to face the facts that the unfortunate system (or rather lack of system) with which the Czechs have been treated for many years—refused today what was given them freely yesterday—would drive a people with the disposition of sheep to madness. The Language Ordinance was issued to please them and then revoked. The right to speak their own language in Parliament was given to them—and then taken away. All this would never happen if the State were governed in a proper manner, and not in a spirit of mingled opportunism and caprice; it is positively inconceivable in a well governed country, and who can wonder if under such a brainless Government the Nationalist groups throw to the winds pretensions to sound and sober policy?

Irish Opinion of England Unchanged.

Pilot.

During the past twelve months we have had more than one opportunity of observing the attitude of the people of Ireland towards the sovereign of the United Kingdom. Queen Victoria's visit last April to our shores was not intended as a political move; but it enabled any observer interested in the matter to estimate with tolerable precision the way in which her Majesty was regarded by her Irish subjects. And now her death has been necessarily the main topic of conversation here as in other parts of the Empire, and men's acts and words at this crisis of the nation's life show what their thoughts have been of her who has just passed away full of years and honor, and amid the public mourning of the whole civilized world. What did Irish people think of the Queen? What do they think of the new King? I have been asked such questions often, and have been astounded to find what answers were expected. Only last autumn an intelligent English lady assured me of the relief with which she and her friends had heard of Queen Victoria's safe return from Ireland. "We thought it so dangerous for her, you know! Those dreadful Invincibles were ready to shoot her, we are sure!" It was no use to explain that no one in Ireland wanted to assassinate the Queen, or to point out that her Majesty was probably safer in Dublin than she would have been in Belgium, where the Prince's life had lately been endangered by anarchist plottings, or that she would have been in the Riviera, where the Empress of Austria had been foully done to death, for no crime save that of high station. It was of no use to repeat these things. My English friends knew better, and they looked on my denials as mere pieces of politeness, such as they were good enough to say they expected from an Irishman. And then there are people of another sort who thought that the splendid reception with which her Majesty was welcomed last year indicated that the whole Irish nation was rapidly becoming loyal to the throne and constitution, and that there would be no more talk of home rule. Civility and courtesy are not loyalty, and this it is not safe to forget when dealing with Irishmen, who count rudeness a crime, and who think better of a man who defines them politely than of one who yields to them ungraciously and with discourtesy.

Well, then, what is the truth about Irish disloyalty? It is this. The great majority of the people living in Ireland are unaffectedly and frankly disloyal. They lament the English conquest of Ireland. They dislike Protestantism of any color, not so much because it is Protestantism, as because it stands for the religious system which English statesmen tried to force on the country at the Reformation. They mourn over the passing of the Act of Union, because they think—so they say—that Ireland would have been more prosperous had she continued to have her own Parliament, and to be independent of the sister country as regards domestic finance.

How the Chinese Argue.

Sir Robert Hall, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The position the Chinese take up may be said to be this: "We did not invite you foreigners here," they say; "you crossed the seas of your own accord and more or less forced yourselves on us. We generously permitted the trade you were at first satisfied with, but what return did you make? To the trade we sanctioned you added opium smuggling, and when we tried to stop it you made war on us. We do not deny that Chinese consumers kept alive a demand for the drug, but both consumption and importation were illegal and prohibited; when we found it was ruining our people and depleting our treasury we vainly attempted to induce you to abandon the trade and wethen had to take action against it ourselves. War ensued; but we were no warriors, and you won and then dictated treaties which gave you Hong Kong and opened several ports, while opium still remained contraband. Several years of peaceful intercourse followed and then Hongkong began to trouble us; it was originally ceded to be a careening place for ships simply, but situated on the direct route to the new ports it grew into an emporium and also, close to our ports and rivers, it became a smuggling centre; in your treaties you had us to attempt a certain control of any junk traffic that should spring up, but when that traffic became considerable you dropped the promised control, and our revenue suffered. Originally uninhabited, Hongkong now became the home of numerous Chinese settlers, many of them outlaws who dare not live on the mainland; these became British subjects, and you gave the British flag to their junks, which were one day British and another Chinese just as it suited their purpose, and out of this came the 'arrow' war, followed by new treaties, additional ports, legalized opium, and fresh stipulations, in their turn the causes of fresh troubles. * * Your legalized opium has been a curse in every province it penetrated and your refusal to limit or decrease the import has forced us to attempt a dangerous remedy; we have legalized native opium—not because we approve of it—but to compete with and drive out the foreign drug, and it is expelling it, and when we have only the native production to deal with, and thus have the business in our own hands, we hope to stop the habit in our own way. Your missionaries have everywhere been teaching good lessons and benevolently opening hospitals and dispensing medicine for the relief of the sick and the afflicted, but wherever they go trouble goes with them and, instead of the welcome their good intentions merit, localities and officials turn against them. When called on to indemnify them for losses, we find to our astonishment that it is the exactions of would be millionaires we have to satisfy. * * You have demanded us to attempt the privilege of trading from port to port on the coast and now you want the inland waters thrown open to your steamers. Your newspapers vilify our officials and government and, translated into Chinese, circulate very mischievous reading; but yet they have their uses, for, by their threats and suggestions, they warn us what you may some day do and so help us indirectly, although that does not conduce to mutual respect or liking. All these things weaken official authority—therefore the official world is against, and they hurt many native traders—therefore the trading classes are alienated. The extraterritorial status? What countries allow aliens to compete in their coasting trade? What countries throw open their inland waters to other flags? And yet all these things you compel us to grant you! Why can you not treat us as you treat others?"